

Acadian Lays

and
Other Verse



Wm. Inglis Morse

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ACADIAN LAYS

AND

OTHER VERSE



BY

WM. INGLIS MORSE



Toronto
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1908

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1822

1822

Wm. Inglis Morse
1822

TO
S. E. M.

79542

PREFACE

ABOUT one-half of the following selections have appeared from time to time (1900-1907) in the issues of "The Canadian Magazine," Toronto, Canada. The remaining verse is now printed for the first time. Many of the impressions gathered herein concern the soul and its universe, and have no "local" home. Others are "Acadian" in sentiment and origin.

W. I. M.

May, 1908

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THE CANADIAN ABROAD.¹

*Thou native son, yet wandering far
From Canada, thy natal soil,
What fate hath carved thy destiny
Amid the city's vaunted toil?*

*Forth from the Northlands thou hast gone
On the world's pilgrimage of gain—
To bind the fetters 'round thy soul
Or reach the goal of freedom's plane.*

*Remember yet 'tis better far
That thou shouldst live in humble role
Or die in peasantry unsung
Than that the world should blot thy soul.*

*Whether in academic walks
Or midst the factory's throb and stress,
Where'er thy place and duty lie,
Be thine to live for righteousness.*

ACADIAN LAYS

THE OLD FRENCH CELLAR.²

ALONG Tawopskik's rocky way
Many a ruined cellar stands to-day,
With here and there to mark its place of yore,
A gentle mound, or a fancied floor,
Where once there glowed a hearth, and in days of simple
 life and true,
An Acadian family dwelt on these lands untried and
 new.

No more the forest aisles resound
With the stroke of the woodman's axe in tuneful
 round.
No more the smoke of the evening fire doth trail aloft
To the branching trees where the wind breathes low and
 soft.

These ruined cellars, smoothed away,
By the farmer's plough or spade in play,
Leave naught but stones where the trailing blackberries
 grow,
And the passersby may stop and feast ere on they go.

THE CALL OF THE MARSH-HEN.³

IN creaking flight the marsh-hen flies
Along the old French road, where the vale of Paradise
 lies,
And gently down from the ancient hills a rippling stream
Doth wend its way to song and Acadian dream.
Seeking its food from the amber brook
Which flows through alder and sedge, and many a wood-
 land nook,
This lonely migrant of the summer day
Finds out some gravelly shoal, or rare and unsuspected
 way,
And thus apart from human habitation lives;
Or on balanced wing he moves across the emerald marsh,
And in measured tones, plaintive and harsh,
To his unreturning mate, a call he gives.

ACADIA.

LAND of the old Port Royal,
Of Demonts and Poutrincourt,
Of Pontgravé and Champlain
And the sachem's Indian lore.

Land of fair June's white blossoms
And the amelanchier,⁴
With the fragrant gifts of Flora
To the newborn summer air.

Land of the birch and maple,
Of the beech and lordly elm,
And king of its kind, the apple,
Pride of Annapolis' realm.

Land of the ancient Micmac
And rivers that call to the sea,
Land of the Acadian French
And the days of legendry.

Land of dark forest and mountain
And the tides that surging flow,
Land of the murmuring pine tree
And the romance of long ago.

FRENCH CROSS.

1700.

UPON a cliff
That fronts the bay,
A wooden cross
Stands far away.

Many a tale
It tells of yore—
Heroic deeds
And peace and war.

It whispers not
Of love and cheer,
But the flight 'twixt the French
And the Micmacs here.

Deserted now
It stands alone,
The gravesign of
The years long flown.

And naught doth mark
But memory,
And days and scenes
Fore'er gone by.

Morden, N.S.

LAMENT.

SONS of the Northland, scattered far,
Thy native land hails thee again :
The lonely hearths of Canada
Wait thy return fore'er in vain.

No more shall come those absent sons
From village, town and countryside,
To build a kingdom by the sea—
To rear thy bulwarks great and wide.

The youths of former years have gone
To the world's mart in search of gain ;
Thy daughters, too, have fled the home
To find gay fortune's magic chain.

WATCHWORD FOR CANADIANS.

HONOUR to those of Canada
Who raise her name, where'er they be—
Symbol of might and bless'd also
By the grave Muse of History.

THE INNER LIFE

THE SHEPHERD'S REVERIE.⁵

LAND of my fathers, wherein I have dwelt for a season,
Through nights of the soul, through days that have
 fallen to darkness,

I have sought for an answer concerning the ways of
 diviners,

And no answer hath come to soothe my anguish and
 sadness—

Like the sadness that dwells in the haze of distant
 horizons.

Does the ogre, Modimo, who rests afar in the mountains,
Know the ways of the stars or the rains or the windy
 nesses?

'Twas here by my flocks that I stood and watched and
 waited,

As the long gray dawning hovered and broke to the
 eastward,

And sorrowful questions came to me waiting an
 answer—

Now rising out of the past—those dark recollections,

THE SHEPHERD'S REVERIE

And sorrowful still they remain through travail and labour.

I hear the murmuring voice of the waters unwearied,
As smiling in flight, they ripple and pass to the seaward—

Knowing no other law but to flow without ceasing,
And where do they stop? And who makes them flow on forever?

The clouds which rise with the morn and burst into water,

I ask whence they come, and whence their journey at daybreak?

Who sends them? Diviners? But they to me give no answer,

For mine eyes have not seen them go up to the heavens to fetch it.

Dark seers! They are false as glimmering horizons at night-time.

The home of the winds I have sought as, in rage on the mountains,

They sweep o'er the cliffs and the dark of the desolate hollows;

Then at evening are calm as they breathe on the wefts of the wild flower.

Unfathomable seers! The shepherd thus ended his chanting—

And the winds and the stars and the night gave answer in silence.

SONG OF THE SHADOW.

A SHADOW-LIFE and shadow-dance
I live within a world of chance.
Eternal wanderer am I
Across the earth and sea and sky:
Without a goal, without a home,
My fate forever is to roam.
Within dim temples I abide
Where truth and beauty e'er confide.
I grace the dark cathedral loft
And hear strange music wander soft
Above the cloistral aisles of stone
Where pilgrim stands enrapt, alone,
A vision in his soul there wrought—
Or presence that he long has sought.
'Tis here where towering pillars rise
Beyond all glory of surmise,
I wind and wind forever 'round
The vaults and arches from whence sound
The lyric of the days gone by
And joys that oft recur to die.

Where is my home? I ask and seek—
Unstable will—at morn to wreak
My anger on the purple hills
And day that every valley fills.
Unwearied still when time is through,
Some path again I tread anew,

SONG OF THE SHADOW

As in the old, old, happy June,
When all the world went to the tune
The trysting birds played out so well
Within some chantry of the dell.

'Tis mine to suffer naught of fears
That mark the rising, falling years:
Without a harbour for my sail
I onward flit upon some trail:
Far out my skiff moves toward the night,
While all around a golden light
Sings peace to drifting memories
Afloat upon the western seas.

O'er wintry roofs I flit at dawn;
Whirled by the winds I hasten on,
Without a place of rest at night,
Untiring in my ceaseless flight.
No landmark ever 'bides for me,
Nor passing ship upon the sea.
In every house where man hath been
There I have followed, entered in;
Unbidden guest of banquet halls
Where music's charm the heart enthalls,
I softly tread the polished floor
While human shapes flit o'er and o'er.

Through many coloured ways and dim,
O'er glassy lakes where minnows swim,

SONG OF THE SHADOW

Where far the sun pours burning gold
Over the spreading seas of old,
Through empty mansions, bleak and gray,
With thee, lone shadow, we would stray.

Across each human life I fall
At natal hour or funeral pall,
And days that are both dark and bright
Just as the hour of evening light.
Like some dim ghost of mystery
Thus on I haste, alone and free,
Unsought of all, remote and near,
My virtue never quails at fear.
Poor wanderer fore'er am I
Through nature, life, eternity.

HEREDITY.

WE are what the past has made us—
Echoes of the million lives,
And the storm and stress and yearning
Of desire that in us strives.

Other souls can tell us little
Of the struggle, fierce and long,
Of the fight for truth and duty,
Or the urgent call of wrong.

Other strains are mingled in us,
Other loves and hates and woes:
Countless tendencies are blended
With our ecstasies and throes.

Drain the goblet, pass it onward,
With the dregs of revelry:
Let the fires of melancholy
Smoulder in the lives to be.

VERITAS.

How often, sweet enchantress, hath thy way
Seemed endless, dark, yet ever must thou be
My earliest dawn beyond the world's last day—
Thy straightened gate the holiest for me!

For who hath stood within thy portals dim,
Or fulness of thy glory sought to see—
The lustrous light that in thine eye doth swim,
The purple splendour of eternity?

Perchance thy shattered marble evermore
Lies strewn far o'er earth's thronging battlefield,
That man again through travail may restore
The remnants that the centuries must yield.

And though, perchance, the winter-sleep of time
Shall come upon my soul too tired for dream,
Beyond oblivion and withering rime,
The gladdening presence of thy joy supreme

Waits for the bell-stroke of that perfect hour,
When all life's earnest, mystery and love
Shall rise up from the past, reborn to power,
And I shall grasp thee—dawn for which I strove.

LIFE.

I.

LIFE is a struggle to be free—
A way that endeth never,
While in the shadow of what must be,
Man dwells and labours ever.

II.

Though to each soul comes long unrest
And stormy seas for sailing,
Yet let each strive as for the best,
And the peace that grows unfailing.

III.

Life suffers change, yet man remains
In joy and in sorrow—
A dreamer of lost yesterday
And prophet of to-morrow.

THE STAR OF VIRTUE.

THE star that trembles on the height,
Faint glow-worm of the summer night,
Seems now to tarry o'er the lea,—
To shine like faint light under sea.

And though its light is not eterne,
Though destined not fore'er to burn
But be extinguished some far day,
Yet shall its light cease down the way?

Each deed of virtue, like a star
Which lights the voyager from afar,
Serves as a prophecy of dawn
That each good lives and travels on.

Each golden deed is fain to be
A circle of eternity.
All virtue struggles forth and then,
To reach itself, it turns again.

What though my holy deed be done?
Its gentle light has now begun
To trail one tiny thread of gold
Around all hearts, both young and old.

What though my virtue be forgot
And suffer with the common lot?
My deed's first light still lives and moves
Unto the dawn that God approves.

AFFINITY.

How oft the body seems
A veil that hides the dreams
Of life's true loveliness—
And thoughts that soothe and bless
Each soul that wanders through
Love's happy fields anew.
The shades of fallen day
Rule here, where passion's sway
Holds slave the lofty aim,
Enkindling the flame
That leaves but dust
And dead hopes—weakening trust.
Yet if affinity
Holds ever true and free,
Then shall the body and soul
Into one perfect whole
Bind up the waking thought
And dream that came unsought.
Lo, from their union strange
And sweet, denying change—
Song upon song shall rise
To the sunlit skies
And sound as some faint, far-off chime,
Blown on the lips of time.

THE CHAMBER OF THOUGHT.

THERE lies a chamber in the soul,
Where mystic thoughts, like garnered grain,
Are bound up into sheaves of gold
By memory, warder of the brain.

And though the dust of years falls here
Within this treasury of God,
Some day each seed will far be strewn
To find its home again a clod.

To every mansion comes decay,
When time hath broken with the past,
And treasure in a house of flesh
Must find another home at last.

All thought forever of itself
Strives through long travail to assume
The guerdon of necessity
Which leads to true millennial bloom.

YULETIDE.

COMRADES, friends and children dear,
This is the birth-night of the year,
And the ghost of Christmas past
Doth wake to roam as last
It wandered from afar.
Seeking fair Bethlehem's star.

The joy of this new Christmas eve
Doth o'er the world a splendour weave,
And singing stars upon the height
Fling downward through the ages' flight
The ecstasy of years to be
And many a Yuletide minstrelsy.

THE PASSING YEAR.

SLOWLY from the steeple near,
I hear a midnight bell
That tolls the breaking year
And whispers "all is well."
It signals that the old has passed
And given place at last—
Ere yet the year's gray wings are furled—
To youth that cheers the world.

MOTHERHOOD.

'Twas in an hour of falling rain at dawn,
With her thou camest to this world's fair day.
Out of the darkness of that vale called Death,
Thy spirit like an angel's fluttered near
Her trembling heart, and gave her courage then
To face the glory of the gates ajar:
And all the pain, wherewith was wrought anew
That old and wondrous miracle of Life—
Sweet Motherhood, the rose-wreath crown that gilds
The brow of her who gives to earth a Child.

THE IRREVOCABLE.

GONE art thou, O Youth,
As the evening or the night,
While far along the eternal road
We haste in flight.
New days on earth will dawn,
As still the heart doth yearn,
But the irrevocable hours
Will ne'er return.

BUGLE CALL.

THE hours run on light feet,
Yet in their passing bring
To each swift messages
Of joy and love a-wing.

Thus, hand in hand with time,
Across the years we pace;
With chastening art he carves
The lines upon each face:

And makes it as a glass
Which mirrors all within—
High aspirations blent
With indolence and sin.

Ah, soul, if thou couldst tread
The mountains without fear,
And life's shrill bugle call
Could answer loud and clear!

FANCY.

IN fancy I have roamed afar and near,
Have felt the breath of inspiration grow
And rouse to hope above, despair below,
In knowing what I was and was not—here.

THE QUEST.

IN this dim chapel let me rest,
A mendicant at eventide:
Here in this holy shrine abide
The peace and calm of longing zest.

Sweet refuge of aspiring thought
And heritage of centuries
That guard the sacred bust and frieze,
Wherein the sculptor's dream is wrought

The footprints of dead years I hail
As now they rise to life reborn,
Like angel footsteps to adorn
The memories of aged entail.

And darkening youth and age and fame
Are blent in dawn that floods the heart,
While here, from all the world apart,
The soul finds peace for which it came.

THE FALSIFIER.

TIME tries his teeth on all things worth:
He makes our days of song and mirth
And haunting midnights of the soul
Appear a dream, a long past goal.
The gray horizon of his years
Has in it mystery and fears,
Like to a door that closing bars
The way to dawn and morning stars,
To lands of sweet forget-me-nots,
Or travail of still unborn thoughts.
Yet sometimes as the barriers lift,
When fleeting memories are drift,
A mystic veil sinks down at will
And thou art Falsifier still—
Precluding some dim realm far hence,
Just where the world seems to commence.

ASPIRATION.

Out of the ash and smoke of self
Ssprings up the brighter flame,
Through years that rise and fall to dark
And silently proclaim—

“Alas, can man surpass himself,
Or bridge his sunless way
Across the sea of great contempt
And time’s recurrent day?”

Forever from illusion’s haze
Ssprings up the loftier aim,
Triumphant o’er the holocaust
Of waning art or fame.

O man, a searcher for the ways
Where greatness e’er abides,
Thy task remains to rear some bridge
Across the deep bound tides—

That rise and overflow the soul
As time rolls on his wheel,
To reap the harvest of high thoughts,
Their throbbing music feel.

LOOKING BACK.

WOULDST thou be young again
To live the old days o'er,
And wake to see the morning sun
Shine on thy chamber floor?

Wouldst thou bring back again
Elysian days of cheer,
Or drink at Bethlehem's well
The waters sweet and clear?

The secrets of past years
Are buried, and ne'er cease
To answer "Nay, O Time,
Let us sleep on in peace."

COMRADES.

UPON the ocean of good-will
We are afloat this morn:
The anchor lifts, the sea winds thrill,
And we are outward borne.

The far horizon lures us hence,
The sea calls loud and long:
"Up, comrades, trim your sails, and thence
Let us move forth to song."

LEAVES.

O YOUNG green leaves of the tender year,
So lightly rustling in the rain—
The life of other leaves grown sear
Now burgeons forth to life again.

With cunning art all nature hies
To spread her veil o'er dale and mount:
Each leaf is born to live, then dies,
Cast forth upon its own account.

THE LAMP OF LIFE.

THE lamp of life at times doth brightly glow,
But is a feeble flame at best,
Which must at last burn low
Just as the fading splendours of the West.
For threescore years by day and night
It serves to guide us in our flight.

As golden sands
Slip through our hands
Or falls through air the rain,
So swiftly as a shuttle flies
Each year that prophecies
Eternal hopes of gain.

EVOLUTION.

WHENCE are reared the highest mountains?
Only from the sea.
This the answer of their summits,
And their mystery.

On their walls some word was written
In the ages gone,
When beneath the wave they trembled
Till the dark grew dawn.

What of kin hath man with mountains?
His the source to choose?
Must he not have slumbered also
'Neath the ancient ooze?

When the cataclysm thundered
And the deep was rent,
Then a step was gained, and progress
To man's life was lent.

So forever to its summit
Springs the soul through night—
Upward through its darkened passage
To its greatest height.

Each a hero, each a summit
For some other life—
Moving on through ways of greatness
O'er the storm and strife.

GARDENS.

I.

THERE is a garden in the world

Where we may scatter seeds of thought;
Late-born, perchance, they grow to flowers—
A recompense for all we've wrought.

We find them later fall'n away

To dust,—like withered leaves long dead:
Their hour of victory achieved,
Breathed anyone their fragrance fled?

II.

Within the garden of the years

Grow flowers of laughter and of tears—
Fugacious flowers that come and go
Forever with the season's flow.

And here midst all that time has wrought

In rose-leaf or forget-me-not,
Our longing hands alone would seize
The flower of happiest memories.

NATURE

THE FIREFLY.

GLINTING, glinting,
Flitting, flitting,
Light and airy,
Subtle fairy,
With thy tiny, golden light,
Where now through the summer night?
Ever winging,
Night-time singing,
In the gloaming,
Downward roaming,
Thou in silence wanderest ever
Till the sun thy reign doth sever.
Flitting, flitting,
Glinting, glinting,
Through the vales
And marshy swales,
Down across the meadow leas,
Sailing, sailing,
Onward trailing,
Flashing out amidst the trees.
Now above the daisy sleeping
And the restless frog a-peeping,
Thou art moving ever onward,
Flitting, flitting, nightward, dawnward,
Happy for the night's intrusion,
Knowing naught of time's illusion.

A LATTER DAY IN FEBRUARY.

WHERE lies the snow there life is still,
And earth seems empty, bleak and gray,
O'er valley, heath and lonely hill,
This latter February day.

Lies thus the heart of nature dead,
Or is it only sleep and rest
That lasts beyond the latest red
Now lingering in the gold-scarred West?

Once more the gladdening song of birds
Sounds tremulous from the pine-clad steep,
While far across the stony waste
The brook hath roused itself from sleep.

'Tis joy that here flows back once more,
And mellow music seems to creep
Up through the vistas of the world
Where life had lain itself to sleep.

And far within a joy I feel
Of life's sure promise on the wing—
God's benison that crowns again
The soul of disengaging spring.

Simsbury, Ct., 1902.

SONG OF THE WIND.

I.

WIND of November, chill and drear,
Play out thy song! The mellowing year
Grows old, and with it memories
Of each fugacious flower that dies.
But yesterday the glorious dream
Of ardent summer made earth seem
A sanctuary, wherein life
Was well content in peace and strife
To hang her mystic wreaths of gold—
Once new and now fore'er grown old.

II.

Play out thy song, O wind of Time,
O wind of a thousand years!
Strange, earthly joys and hopes and fears
Are in thy voice sublime.
Play out, play out, the olden days
And dreams that never more shall be;
Play out, play out, both full and free,
Play out upon thy restless ways.

THE RURAL CALENDAR.

STAGE after stage, sweet flowers come and go
To fill some corner of the calendar.
The pale anemone, the rose so fair,
Breathe out their glories with the season's flow.

Dear Nature's chronicler each passing day
Reveals some beauty in the leafy dell—
Some kindly thought of God would gladly tell
To him who chances passing by that way.

THE PINES.

THE stars dream out their lives
Above the pines on Northern hills:
Each fluttering leaf falls to the earth,
And some stray nook in nature's breast refills.

So likewise doth the chill of Fall
Benumb and lull the expectant soul,
Yet still the dreaming stars shine on—
Emblem of faith and love and life's true goal.

MOUNT PHILIP.⁶

A STILLNESS broods upon the world to-night.
The drowsy air and sky aloft
Hang low ; one little rift of light
Breaks through the folds of cloud and then is gone.
Mount Philip rises through the greenish dark
O'ershadowing some quiet thorp and croft :
Glimmering lights flash out, and hark !
I listen for the cricket's chirp anon.
The trivial fluting of that note long drawn
Rouses some evanescent mood—
High heaven of past years, extending on
Into the years to be.
Sweet nature and her ways have I thus wooed
And felt her dreamy presence thrill with mystery.

SEA-CHIMES.

I.

THE dull chimes of the sea
I oft have heard at night,
Like the voice of a bird in flight
Borne far along the lea.
The grating shingle forward swings,
Then backward to the deep again:
While the Sea-muse rising from the Main
Its mystic song forever sings.

II.

Oft have I wandered by the sea
While the stars rose o'er the night,
And my soul caught up the song
Of the years that rolled in flight.
Then from afar o'er the Sea of Time
Comes the drift of weed and shell,
And a thousand mystic memories
Born of the sea-waves' spell.

LOVE

THE LIPS OF LOVE.

ONE perfect moment, then my dream grew clear:
Love's strange and unaccustomed lips I felt draw near,
Press mine with infinite and yearning kiss,
And all the longings of a thousand years of bliss
Were gathered up in that swift, velvet touch,
Which held not one sweet dram too much.

One instant with her lips on mine she yearned,
And lingered, clung, then turned

 Upon her silent way
That seemed to lead to distant realms, where sound and
 sight

Are lost in visions of a heavenly flight—

 And the crude world's uncouth day
Brings searchings for the dreams of night.

A ROUNDELAY.

A RED rose wreath my lady wears
And scent of jasmine in her hair,
While in her eyes a lovely air
Doth fairer grow with passing years.

Her face and form and soul are mine—
Ah, mine they are forever more!
Just as I dreamed in days of yore
My dream of her sweet self divine.

L'AMOUR.

I WAS a longing unto thee
My heart's true goal—
An arrow that thou drewest on
To thy fair soul.

And I thy woman's way loved best.
It was for me
A hint, suggestive of some far
Eternity.

.

Thy laughter like a wreath
Of roses—Love,
Doth make thy spirit's joy
Seem heaven above.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

'TIS love that murmurs music
To the issue of spring flowers,
Whispering of birds a-mating
'Mid the laughter of the hours.

Love is the soul's glad promise
Of a supreme to-morrow,
When thy heart, long dead, shall waken
To newer joy and sorrow.

.

THE HEART'S RESPONSE.

NE'ER can the murmur of the shell
Answer the sea
As I in my undoing
Respond fore'er to thee.
What choric cry, fair one, I give,
That thou mayest tell
The dull chimes offered in the house
Where Passion and Beauty dwell.

Stamford, 1901.

RECORDATION.

(Query.)

SPIRIT of love, when thou hast gone
Far hence to other spheres,
Wilt thou recall those fleeting years
When life was like the dawn?

Wilt thou recall the threads oft spun
To gold at sunset-day,
And gladly walked this world's dim way
Where longings were as one?

Spirit of love, wilt thou return
To dream out life again,
Or sing among the sons of men
Of days that once were stern?

Or wilt thou on returning sing
Upon a well tuned lyre
Of strange and heavenly desire—
How life seemed, on the wing?

SONNETS

IN TRANSIT.

In this self-doubting, wondrous age of life
We look for some redeeming man, creative soul,
The self-asserting heart that can unroll
The deepening mazes of our thought and strife.
Shall he appear, the hero-heart and sage,
Or hath he come, unsought, unsung and gone
Into the rosy stillness of a dawn,
When all men slept, dreaming of naught but wage?

The passion of aspiring zeal man needs,
That, in the narrow chamber of his thought,
He may discern the hidden word that leads
To deep reality, and all that's fraught
With springing hopes and gold-bright deeds
Midst secret gardens where ideals are wrought.

FREDERICH NIETZSCHE.⁷

As a grim watchman of the waning night
Thou standest shadowed by the sunrise' glow:
The world and death and man lie far below:
Above dwell fame, eternity and light.
Distrust of false democracy doth fill
Thy heart with brooding o'er equality,
And human life, new values hence to be,
New paths to seek out ever at thy will.

The mantle of sublimity is thine.
"Beyond-man" thou hast sung, the newer creed,
The life that self-affirms, and is self-willed,
The shadows of great things that seem divine.
Bold pessimist art thou! Each life and deed
Proclaims the theme: "In love is law fulfilled."

THE TAJ MAHAL.^s

HERE where the trailing cypress claims its own,
And scent of flower laves each sunlit beam,
Asia can boast its work of art—a floating dream—
Inwrought in virginal, translucent stone.
What trembling beauty, light and tenderness!
The mystic marble lace that drapes their tomb,
Winds and unwinds forever through the gloom,
Singing of peace, two royal souls to bless.

Gently these lovers rest beneath a light
That falls mysterious from the marble height.
Calm apparition, world of mellow shade,
While splendours on these misty walls now wreath
Themselves across their sacred sleep beneath—
Here, traveller, behold what love hath made!

THE EYE OF DAY.

(Sunrise.)

BEHIND the mountains dark rises the sun—
The rounded eye of day that from afar
Faints not at dawn, when each pale angel star
Falls back to rest and realm of night undone.
Hail thou, great star, glowing in all thy strength,
Like to the might of Eden's firstborn heir—
Happy art thou in waking, glad to share
Thy coming and distributing at length!

In this thy way, art thou not like the soul
That bursts out of the darkness of sad days
And cometh to high hopes and morning tide—
And those life-giving streams which lave the goal
Where man, a searcher on the hard highways,
Shall find his dreams of youth must e'er abide.

HEART-WORDS.

LOVE, Home and Children—these heart-words of life
Have power to move each soul to joy or tears.
Borne on the silent footfalls of the years,
They bring repose to each lone wanderer's strife;
And urge him homeward from the sea of Time
To claim his own again, his treasure all,
That men in every age and station call
The goal of Earth's sweet memories sublime.

Heart-words! Lo, these shall never die! They cling
To each glad soul: they wake the trembling lyre
In Passion's house, where death gives place to birth:
They wake in each bird-life impulse to sing
When dreary winter has passed from the earth,
And nature clothes all things in new attire.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOU.

So it was you, your face and look,
Which hailed me on the great highway,
Like some sweet subtle fragrance
Of roses blown in May.

Those longings roused were prophecies
Of June's strange hopes and weighty fears
And unpremeditated thoughts
Which tallied with the years.

.

THE UNDISCOVERED.

FOR each stray traveller of Time
There lies beyond some land,
Some dim and undiscovered path
Across the wilds of sand.

But still there lies that greater task
While existence rushes fast,
'Mid all earth's golden treasure fields
To search his own out last.

.

PLATO.

ON faultless marble Plato wrote
His message for mankind:
With diamond sharp, unfaltering,
He engraved the cycle of the mind.

A SEA-VOICE.

THE beating of the sea
Oft stirs our life to endless memory.
It calls back long-past ages
In weird and countless throng,
And the various stages
Of some mysterious song.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

THERE is a nameless one that comes to me,
And whispers something of the long ago;
Like music heard across a twilight sea
Her voice sounds o'er the ripple of time's flow.

A momentary note upon the wing,
Heard as in passing through some unknown room:
'Tis then all life becomes a listening
To sounding waters—lost amid the gloom.

WAITING.

LATELY, near by a shadowy wood,
I waited in the gloomy night
And heard what seemed a distant song,
Rolling its way in joyous flight.

Like drops of golden rain, the strains
Came on the bosom of the breeze,
And lodged their sweetness in my heart
Among a thousand memories.

DREAMS.

THE dreams of youth and age
Are gathered up as sheaves,
Or fall like acorns in the wood
To blend with autumn's leaves.

TRUTH.

O VERITAS, thine is the face,
Expressive of the goal
And tortuous ways long sought by men
Through wanderings of the Soul!

.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

THE voiceless stars of night
Look down upon us in their flight;
It was the same in ages long ago,
When the Greek discours'd upon the world's vast ebb
and flow,
Or the star of Bethlehem proclaimed
The Child whose life the world has shamed.
And though the outer sphere has changed,
The inner man—the Soul—has rang'd
The scale from darkness unto morn
Wherein new hopes are born,
And men look to the face of Christ and say,
“Behold, the Old has pass'd away!”

.

BEHIND each great desire
There lies the dream that dares to be,
Idealizing all
Of Life's unchanging mystery.

.

THE EAGLE.

HE grudges not the sky its light,
And ne'er reviles the birth of day.
For him the universe is deep
And silent as some blue sea-way.

His harbour is the open world—
Laved by the vast aerial seas:
Unfettered by the years he moves
A wizard, soaring at his ease.

.

THE MAY-FLY.

WITH wings so fairy-like and true,
Right merrily you move to-day:
The sunbeams on your bodies play
With pale and opalescent hue.

Your courtship and maternity
Are spent where dangers lurk unseen—
Between the Scylla of day's sheen
And gray Charybdis of the sky.

.

THE WAY.

HE who would sweetly rest from troublous strife
That drives calm solace from the weary mind,
Must learn to let kind thoughts pervade his life,
And so, through these, the peace of heaven find.

SISTERS OF SORROW.

WHEN daylight fades
The stars appear;
When sorrow bides
Then faith is near.

When dark despair
Sits by the tomb,
Then Hope dispels
The enshrouding gloom.

And if not these,
Then Love imparts
Unfailing cheer
To lonely hearts.

.

MAN.

MAN is but a labourer
Mid the shadows past;
A soul that dreams of beauty
While days of time last.

.

FLOWERS OF AGE.

THE fragrance of a withered rose
Floats outward from these books,
Faded with age and scentless, dry,
The habitants of ancient nooks.

Yet something of their old-time glow
And beauty lives in import clear
Within these volumes of strange lore
Which still the busy world holds dear.

The withered flowers of history
Live on and on from age to age;
To gather up their petals rare
Is oft the virtue of the sage.

.

A SPRING CAROL.

O BIRD, as wing on wing
Thou cleavest morning light
In all thy wonted plight,
Wilt sing, forever sing.

Sing to me over again
The virile song of earth;
Of life, eternal worth,
Of visions not all vain.

.

IDEALS FOR THE FUTURE.

NEW lyres for songs as yet unsung,
New eyes for distance, sad, sublime,
New courage for experience,
New peaks of modern thought to climb,
New exits from life's labyrinth,
New music in the ear of time.

.

BEAUTY.

ALL beauty lies in man.
'Tis he alone who rears
An ideal world of art
Through passage of the years.

He humanizes all—
Evening's fair golden light,
The voice heard from the sea,
And every star of night.

.

HOPE.

WHY now thy yielding abnegation
Or disavowal of the heart?
Keep holiest through all creation
The hopes that dawning years impart.

.

MUSIC.

A WING doth music give to thought
And makes the spirit free:
She helps the soul to tread the maze
Of dark philosophy.

.

A PRAYER.

THE joy of true desire
Grant me, O Lord, this day;
Through dark and lonely hours
 Direct my way.
Thy wondrous thoughts may I
Aspire to know and feel:
And the guiding of thy hand
 For woe or weal.

A MELODY once sung
 Can never be replaced;
Nor splendour of day-dreams
 That once the soul have graced.

Still other dreams may come;
 High thoughts that stir the heart,
But not the glamour of old days
 Or memories apart.

.

'MIDST perishing of leafless age
 Beauty hath but one course—
To lead my soul through winding paths
 Up to its sunlit source.

.

UNDERTONES.

THE undertones of life are not all sad
Nor are they always glad.
Some tones are neutral like the day
That is not light or dark, but gray.

THE VIGIL.

IN paths that soaring vision made,
A lonely mendicant he trod
Across the fields and vales of time
Which voice eternity and God.

.

DOWN the long, dark lane called life,
There is sometime a turning,
Where at length we pass onward
Into the vale of yearning.

.

IN every soul there lies
Some beauty won
From gazing on the stars through nights
Outwatched and done.

.

TRUST the road
And the starlight,
O wanderer
Along the night.

.

MAN thinks the world o'ercharged
With Beauty's living gleam,
Forgetting that he is the cause
Of his all too human dream.

.

THE PESSIMIST.

IF thou wouldst prove
That life is error,
Consider but the Deed,
O grim despairer.

.

SLEEP.

COME, sleep, ere yet the gold
Fades out at vesper day;
Approach thou with soft soles
And steal my thoughts away.

Dearest of masters thou,
Astride thy deathless horse,
Bear me far down to-night
Across the storm and course.

.

WALT WHITMAN READING.

Now seated in a shadowy wood,
To thee, Walt Whitman, I would sing,
As Dante's volume thou dost read,
And time whirls thee upon his wing.

The hoarse-voiced ocean from afar
Comes surging through the pines erstwhile:
The warm day's sunshine glints and falls
On thee and murmuring forest aisle.

LET blindness not be law to sight
Nor heart's desires exclusive be,
For every leaf that rustles in the wind
May have its share of immortality.

.

'Tis body first,
Then comes the soul—
This is the way of nature—

Untutored man,
Victorious life—
'Gainst this doth evil wager.

.

KNOWEST thou how old thou art,
How young thou ever must be?

.

MORALITY is not a garb
Laid o'er the nurtured soul by God:
It is the warp and woof of Time—
The way each soul at last must plod.

.

SORROW.

'TWAS sorrow came to me but yesterday :

A lowly garb she wore :

With her through sunless realms of time I went

Along a silent shore.

A mighty moving shadow hung o'er all

My world, there by the sea ;

Yet through the gloom I felt one day must come

Glad joy to set me free.

.

THE SOUL'S LYRIC.

BLEED, O heart, and break

For memory's sake !

This be thy story,

Told ere the sunset's glory

Fades into night.

Sing, O heart, rejoice

That life's richest choice

Is here to make thine own

Ere the day has flown,

And darkness once again

Has merged in light.

.

O LORD, if there be knowledge true,
If there be day beyond this night,
Grant me a vision of thyself
That shall e'er vindicate thy might.

.

THAT only inviolate is
Which yearning hath wrought
Through the spirit, symbol of blood,
And kindling thought.

.

THE likeness of man's higher self—
The purer soul,
Is moved through every hazard to
Some distant goal.

.

THE PASSING OF THE MICMAC.

SLOWLY, with solemn tread,
Bearing their dead,
Up the long hill they move in the rough express,
And to the churchyard, where the village priest their
brother's soul may bless.

Thus onward the mourners wind
Their way, with the crude black box behind,
While here and there, with curious eye,
The country villagers look out through half-drawn blind
At the Micmacs passing by.

Slowly, with solemn tread,
Bearing their dead,
They lay him down
In St. Mary's by the Bridge, on the edge of the town,
With naught his earthen cell to mark
But five feet of earth and the soul's Great Dark.
Yet through the years that haste fore'er on silent wing,
The native pines his endless requiem shall sing.

REFERENCE NOTES

1. The census of 1900 gives 1,170,000 Canadians (English and French) resident in the United States; 300,000 Canadians in Massachusetts; 200,000 average increase for each decade since 1850.

2. "Tawopskik" is the Micmac name for the Annapolis River, Nova Scotia.

3. The location of the old French road is near the confluence of the Annapolis River and the Paradise Brook, Nova Scotia. The tides, freshets and the lapse of time have practically obliterated this way, leaving only a few traces across the intervals of marshy land.

4. Amelanchier, or Indian plum.

5. The French missionary, Casalis, in his study of the Basutos reports this case of a shepherd's search for the cause of things. Passing from the stage of surprise and wonder at the world, he enters a state of disinterestedness in the meaning of phenomena. He asks himself "sorrowful questions," sorrowful because he is unable to answer them.

6. King Philip, according to legend or tradition, took refuge in a cave on the side of this mountain, and from that point of view watched the burning of Simsbury, Conn.

7. Frederich Nietzsche, philosopher and prophet, was born October 15th, 1844, in the province of Saxony, Germany. He proclaims the "will to remain alive" and victory over those forces which make life difficult. He claims that all codes are man-made, and therefore mutable. He proclaims that all gods and all religions, by reason of their conservatism, are inimical to healthy life and efficiency. In his proclamation of a "transvaluation of values" he forgets that St. Paul has reached the climax in this direction, when love surpasses law. Nietzsche died August 25th, 1900.

8. Taj Mahal, or Mehal ("Gem of Buildings"), a famous mausoleum, erected at Agra, India, by Shah Jehan for his wife.



